

THE BLUE BOMB

BY J. V. GIESY

"A Story Of Humor, Mystery, Romance, and Adventure"

Copyright, by the Frank A. Munsey Company

Gafford nodded. "I am a guide," he explained, and turned up the steps, lugging a case in each hand.

At the top he whistled a couple of rickshaws, and saw the man and the girl take their places in the spidery, manpower taxis of the Orient. Their luggage tucked in with them, he was about to step back when his own recent words brought about the second contempt of the day.

The large man beckoned him closer and extended his hand. Into that of Gafford he dropped a coin and leaned back in his seat, fully satisfied that the incident was closed.

The metal buried in Gafford's palm not more hotly than the blood in his sallow cheeks. Raising shamed eyes to the girl, he found her cheeks flaming with a color not born of the harbor wind. Some of the man's old manhood woke and stirred and cried out that he should have come to this, and showed him the only way out.

He held up his hand to the rickshaw boys, already leaning forward between their slender shafts. Then, as they paused, he handed the silver to the nearest of the pair with a gesture of careless indifference.

"Take the gentleman and the lady to the Nippon," he commanded in their language, dragged off his soiled cap, and stepped back.

Under the spur of such tariff the boys fairly leaped away. Gafford caught a glance of amused admiration from the blue eyes of the girl as she caught her balance in her seat and was swept past. Then he stood alone again on the quay—the night wind rumpling his hair as he gazed after the disappearing pair.

Presently he lifted the palm which had held the proffered money and inspected it minutely, put it down, and rubbed it against his leg. "A white man," said Gafford. "A white man. That's what she called me. Huh!" He shrugged in a way which said indefinite things.

"A hour of paradise!" he muttered some time after, turned and looked up into the sky, where a star had come out and winked back at him.

His hand in his pocket fumbled his few yen. "That settles it, I guess," said Gafford. "It's Lethe and Hesperia for mine."

CHAPTER II.

Gafford Overhears.

In Nagasaki the streets of the shops parallel the water-front. They are two in number, lined with one-story buildings for the most part; built against the hill, up which the city climbs. There are other shops, of course, but here are collected the main mass of merchants, who cater to the curiosity of the traveler and the vices of foreigner and native alike.

Almost every other door flaunts its curios and souvenirs, like bait for the coin of the tourist. Sandwiched between, or at times underneath, one finds the tea-houses and native restaurants, the gambling houses, and—the hop joints, provided he knows where to seek.

Gafford, walking from the water-front, turned into the first of these streets and slouched paddling along. To the stranger there would have been nothing to point the end of his soft-footed advance. English is little used in Nagasaki. The signs flaunting their brilliant colors at the doors of the shops, while intelligible enough to a son of Nippon, would have been but tangled ideographs to any one unacquainted with Japanese.

But Gafford paid no attention to signs. When one had followed a path a great many times, after a bit the process becomes automatic. His method of arrival at the place he sought was rather instinctive than objectively conscious.

Presently he paused before the door of a shop whose windows showed carved ivory figures, bits of hammered brass, grotesque devil masks, carved sword scabbards, and a dried fish's tail grafted upon a wicker cast of the torso, and head of a human with straggly gray hair—the whole making a hybrid representation of the fabled mermaid as it swung in the window on a string.

Gafford paid no heed to such frippery as this. He swung through the door and entered the shop, where Oku Kube, the owner, sat behind a carved desk of teak-wood, making symbols in a book.

He looked up as Gafford came in, gave him a swift glance of appraisal, and dropped his eyes. Gafford, without turning his head, returned the eye-message sidewise, passed between two tables loaded with the catch-penny masks of Oku's real business, and found a door back of a curtain of bamboo.

Dragging it open, he slipped through and found himself in a passage so narrow that it was barely wide enough to accommodate his shoulders, when he turned toward a dim glow, marking a stair head. His naked feet made no sound as he slipped along its length and down the eight or ten steps of the stair.

A door with a movable wicket appeared before him, upon which he rapped. The shuffle of a footfall came from the other side. The wicket was moved slightly and an eye glinted at him where he stood under the dim light. That eye apparently recognized his face, for, without further parley, the barrier to his entrance was withdrawn.

He emerged into a rectangular apartment, lighted from the center by a hanging lamp of hammered brass. The light it gave off was barely enough to show that three sides of the room were surrounded by a low padded divan or couch. From the ceiling bamboo curtains, spaced at

the intervals of a man's height, dropped down to the couch, dividing it into sections. An acrid odor, oppressive to the breathing of the uninitiated pervaded the atmosphere.

As of custom, Gafford crossed the room to a section far back in the corner, where the wall angled, and sat down upon the not overly clean canvas of the couch. He tossed his cap behind him against the wall and jabbered a short word to the attendant who had let him in.

The man turned and departed, to return after a bit with a small tray, on which was an opium pipe, a supply of the gum, the yen gow or needle upon which the opium is heated, and a tiny lamp of flaming oil.

Depositing this on a small stand beside Gafford's bunk, he retreated beyond the swinging screen and was lost to sight.

Gafford dug out a bit of gum from the jar, impaled it on the yen gow, and turned it slowly above the flaring peanut oil. His eyes focused upon it as he turned it. By and by it began to exude a strange nutty flavor.

He examined it with increased attention, decided that it was ready for consumption, and took up the bamboo pipe with its shallow metal bowl. Placing the "pill" over the central opening of this he drew the tray closer to his bunk, reclined upon his side, and held the cooked gum to the flame of the tiny lamp.

It fumed acridly upon the air. Once, twice, and again Gafford drew its narcotic vapor into his lungs. The opium gurgled and snapped in the pipe. The man relaxed somewhat. "h. tense look of desire lessened in his face, to give way to a sort of content. He stretched his arms, yawned, and lay back on the bunk for a time. Presently he was cooking more of the gum.

There are people who suppose that a man smokes a pipe of the gum and lapses into beatific dreams. The beginner may succumb to his first pipeful, and the chances are that his dreams will be anything but pleasant.

On the other hand, the old smoker takes his pleasure slowly and smokes pipe after pipe before sleep claims him. The intervals between his pipes he spends in a sort of mental, physical, and moral relaxation, wherein his subjective mind weaves fancies untrammelled by any volitional control. Such a one will be susceptible to sight and sound in a gradually lessening ratio as unconsciousness approaches.

It is this state of blissful irresponsibility which constitutes the greatest pleasure of the slaves of the drug. Gafford reached it after he had smoked his fourth pipe. By that time, while perfectly conscious of what might go on around him, he had ceased to trouble his spirit concerning things mundane. Honor or dishonor, the words of White Kate, the opinion of his fellow man, mattered not at all.

A restless sense of reserve-power fired his veins. The hunger of an unsatisfied stomach ceased to gnaw. Yet, because his senses were stimulated for the time rather than obtunded, he heard the rap on the door.

There followed the shuffle of the attendant, a pause while he glanced through the wicket, and the sound of footfalls crossing the room toward the divan.

Without particular interest Gafford became aware of hearing alone that the newcomers had taken seats upon the section of the couch next to his own. He heard them order their "layout" of the attendant, heard the man depart and return, without the slightest curiosity as to whom the new patrons might be. He was too old an inmate of the place to give heed or attention to what one went or came.

Quite unexpectedly his interest received a flick. The footfalls of the attendant had disappeared before either of the new arrivals spoke. "Then it was a slightly accented English which fell upon Gafford's ears.

"And now, my honorable friend, as we used to say at dear old Harvard: 'Get it off your chest.' Also permit me to suggest that you speak English, as it is certain the attendant in this place will not understand that tongue. While you talk you may as well prepare me a bit of gum."

"But, excellency," said the other, "I have said it all before. You know."

His companion chuckled. "You have a habit of repetition, Yamata. Doubtless you have acquired it in your business. However, you said you desired to talk with me."

The other lowered his tone. "It is of war, honorable Oshitu, that I wish to speak."

"Oh," said Oshitu, "of war?"

Some of the recent laxness went out of Gafford's body, and he stiffened. Years before he had heard that same cynical drawl. A quiver shook him for an instant.

He closed his eyes and strained his ears to hear. After a pause the voice went on. "That is sufficiently cooked, Yamata. I believe. If you don't mind I will smoke while you talk."

There followed the gurgle of a pipe and the voice spoke again in a tone of amusement. "Well, honorable snail—go on!"

"We want war!" burst out his companion.

"You or your pocketbook, Yamata?" Oshitu drawled.

"Excellency!" protested the victim of innuendo in a pained voice. "Of course," he went on, "I do not pretend that I do not intend to stand your agreement. You and I would be fools not to seize opportunity to increase

our fortune. But why should I argue? At Cambridge, did they not teach me the saying: 'Take time by the forelock?' You are of the war party yourself!"

"I am a soldier," Oshitu replied. "And," said the other, "as a soldier, an American, you know that the Philippines must be one day be ours. Geographically they are ours already. They are an unopen mine of great wealth, my friend. There could be no better time than now, when the Americans are not only unprepared, but t'ink in their heart that we are w'at they call 'bluffing.' Give Nippon the islands, an' Nippon will become great—a world power—somethin' to reckon with. An' so I say we want war—so soon as we are ready—before the Americans expect it."

"But we are not ready—yet," Oshitu interrupted.

"That is the point," persisted the other. "You are a soldier—an engineer. You are in close touch, in high favor with government, as your family has been for generations. You were sent to America for education, an' after that to their military school, where the fools have been other of our sons. After you were accorded the honor of an assignment to gain information of value to Nippon, an' your success was so great that they believe one of their own officer guilty, an' your honor was greater when you return home, tha' they did not suspect. It was for tha' that you were select to have charge of the manufacture of these blue bombs—"

"Careful," snapped Oshitu. "I told you not to mention those words."

"Your pardon, honorable Oshitu," his companion apologized. "But it is you who shall know when they are ready. A word from you, and I, Yamata, shall know that it is time to lay lines to secure government contract favor. It is not often that a word can make a man rich."

"As I have told you," returned the other, "the things are not ready."

"But they will be?"

"Of course."

"And then?"

"We also will be ready."

"And after that?"

"A pretext," Oshitu finished.

"That should be easy," declared Yamata. "They still pass their alien land laws in State after State. They discriminate unjustly against our citizens. Then—when it is certain we can surely find our pretext. A word to me at that time, O Oshitu, an' we are rich men. How near is it, my illustrious friend?"

"So near?" Ah! An' this man Karloff—this insane nihilist who dreams of making war so terrible that it will become a thing impossible—has he divulged his final secret?"

"He still dreams," said Oshitu, with a chuckle. "He is both as wise as a wizard and as simple as a small child. Even now he is causing delay because he insists upon making the firing devices with his own hands. When that is completed there will be a demonstration."

"These firing devices are the principal secret?"

"Exactly; though the whole thing is wonderful enough. The drawings for the firing mechanism are the only things we have not obtained from him already. I doubt myself if they exist outside Karloff's mind. He refuses to give out any definite information until after he has made his demonstration and been paid."

"And then?" suggested Yamata.

"We will have the whole thing and Karloff his gold."

"But what will he do? Where will he go? What guarantee have we that he will keep our secret when he has been paid and disappears?"

Oshitu chuckled. "Thou hast said it, Yamata," he said lightly. "Karloff is apt to disappear. He came from a Russian cruiser, as you will remember. He is doubtless reported lost in action in his own country."

"And you are sure these things are practical, there can be no mistake?"

"None. Personally Karloff has demonstrated to me with a small one. The coming demonstration is for the government."

"It is wonderful!" Yamata exclaimed.

"It means that we hold the world in our hands," declared Oshitu, with his first trace of excitement. "One will destroy the greatest ship afloat. A dozen will lay waste a city or annihilate an army. The yellow race will triumph. What cares Nippon how terrible war becomes so long as she holds the instrument of supreme destruction?"

"There," said Yamata, "is your cause of war, my Samurai. There could be an accident. The Americans fought quickly enough when they lost their Maine. If one of their vessels on a friendly call were to be destroyed?"

"Or," interrupted Oshitu, "if one of their diplomats or high officials or a member of his family should drop out of sight?"

"Excellency!" gasped the other. "What dost thou mean?"

"Perhaps," drawled Oshitu, "you noticed the cruising yacht in the harbor, my good Yamata?"

"Yes, I saw it, as you suggest."

"Or noticed the man and woman who came from it this evening?"

"Them, too, I saw. The girl is a beauty. She—"

"Bah! Be still! The man is a high government official of the United States on a secret mission. His presence is not supposed to be known here."

Yamata clapped his hands. "Wise Oshitu! His incognito is his danger."

They would have to fight. And a bomb would destroy the vessel as though it had never been."

Oshitu hissed in annoyance. "That is the second time, Yamata, you have mentioned the things by name."

"But we are alone—"

"Are we? We are fools not to have made sure of that, Yamata."

Gafford had barely time to relax himself on the bunk before he heard the man's feet hit the floor, and an instant later the bamboo curtain was swept aside.

"By the two swords of my father!" swore Oshitu. "Look at this!"

A ferocious note of menace choked his voice.

Gafford lay still.

The two Japs approached his side and bent down. Gafford felt their breath upon his cheek as they sought to discover if he really slept. Presently one of them spoke:

"There is only one thing to do, Yamata. If he sleeps we may leave him and hank the gods that he had smoked before we came. If he is feigning—dead men speak little, my friend!"

Gafford thought fast. They would test his apparent slumber, and his was the task to make it seem genuine. Escape from that underground room was not to be even considered.

Much experience had taught him that a person normally asleep will respond readily to reflex irritation; also that a person opium dragged reacts but sluggishly. He decided that his courage lay between normal and insensibility, and prepared for the ordeal which he knew would inevitably come.

Oshitu and Yamata whispered together so low that he could not catch their meaning. Then as he lay with closed eyes and regular breathing he felt one bare foot lifted and experienced a darting, lancing pain. In dazed anger he realized that the man who held the foot had deliberately slashed its sole with a knife.

The moan which burst from his lips was not all acting, but the effort of will which held him from a violent wrestling away of the foot was worthy of supreme self-control.

As one roused against his will, he turned his head and half-opened his eyes. "Take 'em away—please take 'em away," he begged in mandarin fashion. He let his lids fall again in simulated stupor and drew a deep breath.

Inwardly he found his brain on fire. For an instant he had looked into the cruel, sneering face of the man Oshitu, who bent above his wounded foot with a blood-stained knife in his hand. It was the face he had sometimes dreamed of finding in those days when he had hoped that he might be able to prove his innocence.

Oshitu cast the foot he held from him and addressed Yamata again. "A sudden pig," he sneered. "Lucky for him that slumber wrapped him. Come, we will go."

Their footsteps moved to the door. Gafford heard it close behind them. Bathed in a sweat of pain and unaccustomed self-control, he moved on his couch and sat dizzily up. He lifted the foot and examined the wound. The under side of the instep was wickedly gashed. The blood had stained the canvas of the couch.

Gafford whimpered in pain. A sense of giddy sickness gripped him and held. He struggled feebly to reach his tray, and lighted the little lamp he had accidentally extinguished while smoking his last pipe.

By a great effort he prepared a pellet of gum and placed it in the pipe.

Through what seemed long minutes he sucked hungrily at the mouth-piece until it ceased to give off the least particle of smoke. He was sick and giddy and sleepy all at the same time. His fingers relaxed on the pipe, which fell to the floor. A great lassitude laid hold upon him, which he did not seek to resist. He seemed to be floating softly away from all conscious perception. In the end he slept.

(Continued next week.)

PROTECTING PUBLIC HEALTH.

According to press dispatches, the group of doctors, who have for many years been making persistent efforts to create a Federal Department of Health, have rather surprised themselves in their endeavors to impress the public with new arguments in favor of their pet scheme. They now inform us that \$1,500,000,000 is annually lost to the nation through needless deaths; also, that 1,500,000 persons are suffering daily from preventable diseases. In order to prevent this economic waste and to check this excessive mortality they argue that it is necessary to have a Federal Department of Health!

As a matter of statistics, the public activity in behalf of the health of the country is today practically in the hands of a single school of medicine. All of the 7,000, or more, medical men employed by the United States government in various capacities, are members of that school. The duty of protecting the public health by means of foreign and interstate quarantine is entrusted to the medical system which is now demanding a Department of Health. It is also a fact that practically all of the state and municipal boards of health, charged with the care and protection of the public health, within their respective states and cities, are composed of "regular" doctors.

With these facts in mind, it may not be difficult to fix the responsibility for the condition of most of those patients who, in the opinion of the advocates of a Federal Health Department, have no business to be sick. As the exponents of the allopathic school bear almost the entire burden of officially preserving the public health in all parts of the country, it is evident that they may have to assume responsibility for the unhappy economic and health conditions which in their opinion are so prevalent. The average layman may be excused if he wonders whether the remedy will be found in more of the same kind of "health protection" or even in new medical machinery in the Federal Government.

Classified Want Ads.

This department will appear each week in this paper and also 50 or more Western Michigan weeklies, covering 27 counties of the Fruit and Potato belts. Think of it, your advertisement, properly classified, will go into over 50 different newspapers. The cost is six cents per word per insertion. **FOUR INSERTIONS GIVEN FOR THE PRICE OF THREE.** Cash with order. Remittance for this service takes you away from the congested district of the big cities and sends your message into the smaller cities, villages and rural communities. This is where you really need space. Send today for list of papers and order blank. **UNITED WEEKLY PRESS ASSOCIATION, 59-63 Market Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.**

AGENTS WANTED.

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT THAT 5-in-1 is the biggest agent's proposition of the year. Smallest pocket scissors, key ring, cigar cutter, bottle opener, button hook, all 5-in-1. Article about size of half dollar. Hard steel. Made in U.S.A. Send 10 cents for sample, territory. Send 25 cents for silver plated key ring. M. Herjahn Co., 21 Park Row, New York City. A-131

AGENTS-AMAZING INVENTION. Sun-shine burner turns coal oil into brilliant gas light. 100 per cent profit. 3 or 4 at each house. C. M. Young, 906 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill. A-134

WANTED-NURSERY AGENTS. Special inducements. Pay weekly. Perry Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. A-134

WANTED-AGENTS TO SELL OUR Vacuum cleaners and Vacuum washers for Xmas gifts at reduced price, and big profit to you. Curtis Specialty Co., 807 Kenner Bldg., Chicago, Ill. A-134

ONE WOMAN MADE \$16.00 DAILY Selling Everybody's Necessity. Agents German Silver sample with easy money proposition. 25c. Mink Corporation, Buffalo, New York. D-132

CO-OPERATE WITH US EVENINGS at home in big money making proposition; no experience necessary. Write C. A. Davenport, Dept. H., Chillicothe, Ohio. D-132

AGENTS DOUBLE YOUR MONEY. Sure repeaters. Write H. U. Lake Co., Adair, Ill. D-132

HELP WANTED

WE PAY CASH-NO CANVASSING- Classify names. Dime brings contract, in-class. Midwest, 507 Wellington, Davenport, Iowa. D-134

DETECTIVE: LEARN THIS INTERESTING profession. Ten lessons for \$5.00. Write Walter J. Burns Correspondence School, Inc., Detective Training School, 3 Burns Building, Detroit, Mich. D-134

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A HERO? Would you care to save human life? And at the same time earn \$15 or more a day? Write for particulars. Rayne Sales Co., C-153, Baltimore, Md. D-134

START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN: Free proposition and premium catalogue. Eureka Tea Co., 500 W. 26th St., Chicago. D-131

CO-OPERATE WITH ME EVENINGS at home in my big money making proposition; no capital or experience necessary. Write German Co., Dept. 6, 816 Fourth St., Evansville, Ind. D-131

FOR WOMEN

SWITCHES MADE FROM COMBINGS three strands \$1. Doll wigs. Mrs. F. Miller, 100 W. Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. D-134

RECIPES FOR LADIES ONLY. REAL secrets. 250 recipes. Herb Doctor Recipe Book. Ind. Herb Gardens, Dept. 80, Hammond, Ind. D-132

GREAT CHANCE FOR WOMEN and girls to work for board and treatment. Sanitarium, Smyrna, Mich. D-131

PRECKLE OINTMENT POSITIVELY removes freckles and all discolorations, giving beautiful complexion. By mail 50 cents. Free "Hints on How to be Beautiful." C. H. Berry Company, Chicago. D-131

Fancy Work Bargain ALL A 5 Piece Table Set, Wild Rose design, consisting of a handsome leatherette and 4 chairs. Doilies to match, on Fine Quality Art Linen \$4 a yard. Reg. all for 10c. Catalog free. The Superior Sales Co., 715 Garland Ave., Detroit, Mich. D-134

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE-INTERNATIONAL Auto truck, 1,500 lbs. capacity. Like new. High wheels, solid tires. Also two Fairbanks-Morse 15 H. P. pumping engines. Write box 141, Tekonah, Mich. A-134

BOWLING ALLEY TO EXCHANGE for automobile or what. Size, double end, 4 feet with outfit. Cost seven hundred. F. Wille, 1200 Louis Ave., No. Grand Rapids. D-134

WHY NOT SAVE From 20% to 50% on your Store and Office Fixtures? (New or used) See Grand Rapids Merchandise and Fixture Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. A-134

MILITARY STOCK FOR SALE. Mrs. B. F. Olsen, Maple Rapids, Mich. A-132

ARE YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER business? No matter what you have to sell, try the Classified Department for results. Send in over 50 weekly newspapers in western Michigan. Six cents a word per insertion. One insertion free with every order for three. Send for list of papers. United Weekly Press Association, 59-63 Market Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. Y-140F

IF YOU WISH TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your farm or business write Grand Rapids Business Exchange, Grand Rapids. Y-131

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRS

BROKEN CRANK CASES, CYLINDER housings, welded by expert factory welders. Mich. Machine and Tool Co., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich. R-130

MINERAL BATHS

FAMOUS SALT AND MINERAL BATHS for men and women. Rheumatism, Dislocation of the Blood and Nervous System. Briny Inn Co., Manistee, Mich. X-130

MATRIMONIAL

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS to marry. Descriptions and photos free. Write: The Unity, P., Grand Rapids, Mich. D-131

MEDICAL

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM and all diseases of the blood cured at home. Write Sam J. Davis, secretary, or Dr. John Tripp's Remedy Company. Y-130

RHEUMATISM. SEND ONE DOLLAR for a pair of Galvanic Heel Plates, for which I guarantee to relieve or cure in thirty days or money refunded. The Galvanic Heel Co., 50, Adams, Mass. A-134

POULTRY AND PET STOCK.

POULTRY POINTERS. Michigan's leading poultry publication, now published in Grand Rapids, is 50 cents a year. Subscribe now to the leading authority of bird life. E. B. Blett, Editor, 59 Market Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. D-131F

FINE BUFF ORPINGTON PULLETS April hatch, at \$1.25 and \$1.50. Address J. J. Olney, Fremont, Mich. D-131

FOR SALE-BOSTON TERRIER PUPPIES nicely marked, plenty of white; also grown dogs. Burne Wire Works, 407 Quinlan St., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. A-134

FOR SALE-BOURBON RED TURKEYS. Mrs. A. J. Hollister, R. F. D., Daville, Mich. \$5 for Toms, \$4 for Hen Turkeys. A-131

PHOTOS ENLARGED.

YOUR PHOTO ENLARGED Lifeline, size 11x14 inches, only 50c postpaid. Groups same price. Worth \$3. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Photos made by hand. Send photo and 50c. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Z. Greene Art Co., 25 Third Ave., New York City. D-132

FARMS FOR SALE

425 ACRES NEAR CORTLAND, NEW York. Level clay loam. No water. 200 high cultivation. 100 timber. Pay for 100. Large sugar bush. Running water in road buildings. Two new barns. Good markets. Near church and school. Stock, cows, hay, \$12,000. Reasonable terms. 5% E. B. Dennis, 45 Andre St., Grand Rapids, Mich. A-131

SELL YOUR FARM THROUGH OUR Classified Department. Goes in over 50 weekly newspapers in western Michigan. Six cents a word per insertion. Four insertions for the price of three. Send for list of papers. United Weekly Press Association, 59-63 Market Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. Y-130F

SPECIAL FARM VALUES

Parties wishing to buy farms any size or price write or call on George Reasick at Sand Lake, 26 miles north of Grand Rapids. Level country and good soil. Real Estate office opposite depot. George Reasick, Sand Lake, Mich. D-134

NEAR ALLEGAN. In the richest farming community in southern Michigan, 115 acres good land, fair buildings, including silo, some fruit, 12 acres hardwood timber; a real bargain for someone who wants a farm. Particulars of Corbin, 202 Monroe Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich. D-134